



The TATLER

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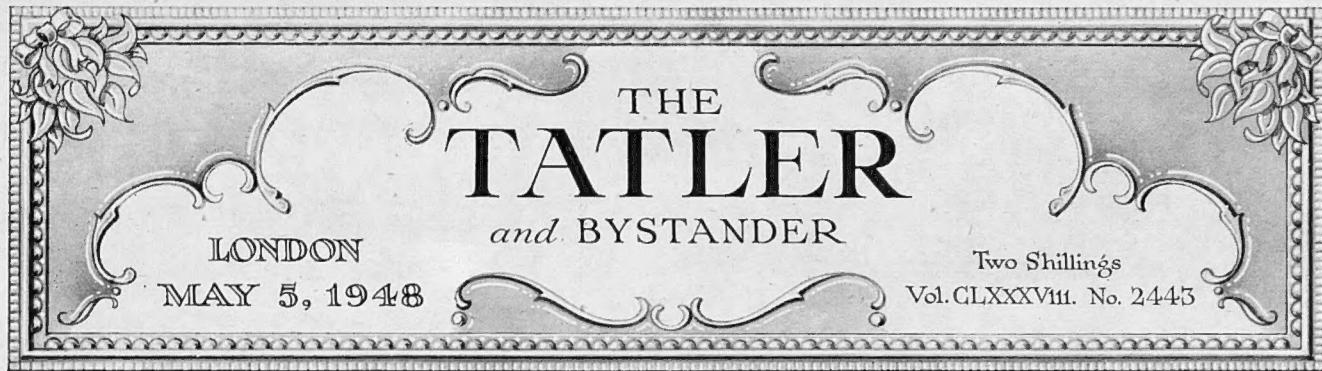
OVERSEAS BRANCHES AND REPRESENTATIVES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

DI



Spectator

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THE SOVEREIGN OF THE GARTER,

Lady of the Order which celebrated its six hundredth anniversary. Behind their Majesties is Queen Mary, escorted by the Duke of Gloucester, and at top of the steps are Princess Elizabeth, the new Lady of the Order, and the Duke of Edinburgh, one of the new Knights. Below them are the Earl of Athlone, Earl Stanhope, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquess of Zetland, Viscount Addison, Viscount Alanbrooke and Viscount Alexander. It was the first time the full ceremonial had been observed since the time of George the Third

H.M. the King, leaving St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with Her

Majesty after the ceremonial installation of six Knights and one
Lady of the Order which celebrated its six hundredth anniversary. Behind their Majesties is Queen Mary, escorted by the Duke of Gloucester, and at top of the steps are Princess Elizabeth, the new Lady of the Order, and the Duke of Edinburgh, one of the new Knights. Below them are the Earl of Athlone, Earl Stanhope, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquess of Zetland, Viscount Addison, Viscount Alanbrooke and Viscount Alexander. It was the first time the full ceremonial had been observed since the time of George the Third



Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

Mr. HAZLITT wrote somewhere that he would like to spend his life travelling—if he could borrow another life to spend at home.

I take it that this is what most of us really feel, except perhaps at this restive season of the year, when we might consider forgoing that second life at home.

This year's travel season seems to have opened on orthodox conversational lines. Although we are now supposed to digest daily the most complicated problems in international economics, the average person is still bemused by even the elementary travel problems. And conversations (or such as I have overheard) run much in the way made familiar since the war.

"Paris, my dear, is fabulously cheaper just now. . . ."

"Who on earth told you that? My French sister-in-law says it's still very expensive."

"For whom?"

"What do you mean, 'for whom'?"

"What I say: for whom? The French or the English?"

"Well, that American said the other night that it was."

"For an American? Possibly. Look, let me try to explain it to you. . . ."

AND so the wrangle goes on, as it has always gone on in times of unsettled rates of exchange. Nor is it only a matter of rates of exchange. Last autumn I was told by a Parisian that I could dine very well, at moderate price, at a certain restaurant—for about 1,000 francs. I ate very much better at another restaurant, for about £60. One day I met an ex-officer living in Paris (how many generations of ex-officers have history's wars left happily high and dry on the Continent!) who also ate very well indeed—for 175 francs.

One of the reasons why the French are better able than many to meet economic crises is that they cultivate the family circle as an economic unit.

This is especially useful when there is a food "shortage"—but makes nonsense out of food statistics, and baffles the inquiring visitor.

M. Dupont may seem, in his black coat and striped trousers, the perfect urban type. But M. Dupont's heart is really in some village with a name like Neuilly-sur-Barangeon, from whence came those delicious hams and *filets de boeuf* that graced his table, straight from Tante Marie's farm.

A French family is a fearsome and delicate machine and grandpère likes to preside over

family affairs when a mere forty-two uncles, aunts, brothers and sisters-in-law sit down to dinner.

At the present, there is an open market in foods, with the shortages well established.

You cannot have all the butcher's meat in the world and, at the same time, get from your land milk, butter and wheat, which are three of the shortages.

On the whole, France is appreciably cheaper for the English visitor than it was last year.

ON that very splendid day last week when the bells of St. Paul's were ringing out so joyfully, I found myself walking along Bruton Street, and not until I reached the end did I remember that it was here that the Royal story started.

From Number 17 Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon stepped on that wedding morning on April 26, 1923. It was the town house of the Strathmores and three years later the young couple were in residence there—when, almost three years to the day, the first daughter was born.

People who still hold faith in horology may be interested to know that the Princess Elizabeth was born at 2.40 a.m.; those in politics, that Sir William Joynson-Hicks was in attendance as Home Secretary.

Where is Number 17 today? Where, indeed?

It has been obliterated by a monstrous block of buildings which now, behind its ugly bulk, harbours indeterminate numbers of civil servants.

Two houses of the period still remain opposite where Number 17 must have stood, and from the outside they can be little changed. But now, like every building left in Bruton Street, they are given over to money-rather than home-making.

A trifle of atmosphere is still left, and the makings of a legend in Bruton Street, for it might be fancied that Queen and Princess could say that they go back to "our street" for their clothes.

Norman Hartnell started on the south side, but is now on the north side.

There always seems to be drama in the return to early memories, drama usually tinged by the pathetic. I once met a woman in a Mayfair cocktail club bar who seemed perplexed as to why she was drinking Martinis in the place.

"I feel I'm in a dream," she explained. Then suddenly, uttering a fashionable

expletive of the moment, cried aloud: "This is grannie's drawing-room! And up there behind those gin bottles on the shelf is where I was allowed to put my teddy bear!"

RETURNING to the difficulties of travel, eccentricities of exchange to-day hold no surprise for those who remember Europe after the first war. I recall now with envy the morning that I went up to the ticket window of the Gare Maritime at Ostende and nervously asked for a return second-class ticket to Vienna. Nervously because I was fearful that what I had heard could not be true; but it was! My return ticket cost me 36s.

Things got much worse when the mark began to crash, and one paid four million for dinner, and then worked out whether that was threepence or just tuppence h'apenny. Bells used to ring in the Berlin shops to stop selling for a few moments while the price of a handkerchief would be marked up a hundred thousand or so.

The history of the English traveller on the Continent deserves more than one volume in social history, even were it only to date from that eighteenth-century Earl of Bristol whose memory is kept green by the names of a hundred and one Bristol hotels.

Until early Victorian times the spectacle of an English "milord" making the Grand Tour with his own coaches was a familiar one anywhere between Brindisi and Amsterdam.

Lord Frederick Hamilton used to tell a delightful story about a travelling Clarence long in use abroad by the Abercorn family. It was finally taken home and laid up in Tyrone.

Then came the time when he stood as local Unionist candidate at an election in which every vote counted. Late on polling day it was remembered that a crippled farmer—a keen supporter—had been overlooked, but by then there was no transport available. The Duchess remembered the old Clarence in the stable. The problem of horses was solved by coralling two cart-horses; that of harnessing by using a gilded State set made for the Lord-Lieutenant.

Soon, along Tyrone's winding roads, ambled and galloped, by fits and starts, the ancient coach which had known Venetian plains, Austrian mountains and Rhine valleys. The old farmer was fetched, he recorded his vote—and the election was duly won.

Things like this really do happen in Ireland.



SOMETIMES at the top of a staircase of a country house, or in the billiard room, you can come on a framed reproduction of what I believe to be the greatest portrait of travel ever painted.

There is so much in it that it stands close perusal for five minutes at a time.

The scene is our dear Paddington Station.

A train is about to set off for the West Country. On the crowded platform are a distracted woman pestering an overworked porter; a proud paterfamilias with an equally proud-faced son going off to school, complete with weeping mamma; a bride in one of those spreading crinolines (and how she ever hopes to squeeze into a carriage is one mystery); and a vaguely Levantine gent, money-bag strapped to side like a bus conductor, arguing the toss with a cabbie.

Among other players in this lively scene are soldiers, nannies, sailors, children and similar walkers-on. Over to the right two gentlemanly policemen (one of them dangling handcuffs, and wearing a smug smile) have laid hands on a man in a deerstalker hat and Inverness cape.

The picture, called "The Railway Station," was painted by William Powell Frith, in the year 1862.

As Paddington Station has not changed since that day (save for some alterations made by Goering and Co. in 1941) the whole scene could be easily re-dressed to the present year.

Travel does not change much, save that flying has made it duller. I never crowd off a Channel steamer at Dover without wondering whether Julius Caesar may not have landed under conditions slightly less primitive.

As for travel by railway train! I warrant that the puff-puff in Frith's masterpiece probably had an alarm cord just as elementary as that used on our railways to-day. It seems fantastic in an age of walkie-talkies, television and other ingenious applications of science that British railway guards should be out of touch with the engine driver, entirely cut off from communication with the headquarters of the line over which they are passing, and reduced to waving hand-lanterns and blowing penny whistles.

I had a strange sidelight on the recent disaster in which the pulling of a communication-cord figured so melodramatically.

On a Saturday morning I received in my bedside post a leaflet dealing with a new film called *Death in the Hand*. Why it should have been sent to me I have as yet been unable to discover. The envelope was addressed in block handwriting.

The story of the film was one taken from Max Beerbohm. It was the tale of the palmist Cosmo Vaughan, who foresaw that he would one day commit murder and that he would meet with a serious accident when he was forty-five. On his forty-fifth birthday he is travelling in a railway compartment and to pass the time away reads his companions' hands. On every palm is the mark of violent death. He realizes what is going to happen, and in a moment of hysteria jumps up—and pulls the communication cord. The train slows down. The passengers breathe a sigh of relief. Then there comes a whistle, growing rapidly nearer. And then the crash as the express behind tears its way into the standing train. Death!

I have a facility in being able to read a newspaper and ignore the "splash" headlines on the front page. On this morning it was not until some time after perusing the film pamphlet (Esmé Percy was playing Cosmo Vaughan) that I came on the shocking Cheshire disaster—and the communication cord's part in a real-life drama.

Words Without Songs

Ballad: SELINA

Will nobody marry my daughter,
Selina, the joy of my life?

She's chic and she's pretty,

Warm-natured and witty—

She'd make a most wonderful wife.
Selina can cook like an angel,
She enjoys unimpeachable health,

Then why do they dither?

Why won't they live with her—

Selina, sole heir to my wealth?

Sir Dives, I'll give you the answer:—

Selina is all that you say :

But since she's an heiress,

Some-day millionaireess,

A spinster Selina will stay.

Too true, she'll inherit your fortune—

But how does the surtax get paid?

No type in his senses

Takes on those expenses—

Tough luck, but she'll be an old maid!

—Justin Richardson



THE PROCESSION

of Garter Knights to St. George's Chapel, which started the sexcentenary celebrations of the Order at Windsor Castle. Their Majesties are walking behind the Knights Companions, and in front of the procession are the Military Knights of Windsor, followed by the Pursuivants, Heralds and Kings of Arms. At the end come Yeomen of the Guard, and the road is lined with Household troops presenting arms



Mr. Stephen Maranian, Miss Noel Charlick, Araxia Maranian, the dress designer, the host Rudolf Comacho, Mrs. Mary Comacho and Harry Isaacs

RUDOLF COMACHO, THE SINGER, GIVES A SOIRÉE



Miss Suzette Beaumont, Leo Silveri and Mr. John Joel, who were three more of the guests at the soiree

Rudolf Comacho, the famous West Indian tenor, who has been in England on a concert tour for the past twelve months, gave a soiree recently for various musical celebrities and friends at his flat in Westbourne Terrace, where several fellow-artists contributed items during the evening programme. It is hoped that this kind of entertainment is gradually coming back into social life again. Rudolf Comacho has already given two private parties of this kind which were very popular. He is a close friend of Gigli, who has expressed a great admiration for his singing. He decided to become a professional singer when he was only thirteen years of age, and after studying in Indiana and New York became principal soloist to the Centenaria Church in Toronto. After serving in the Canadian Army he entertained the troops for E.N.S.A. in all theatres of operations

Photographs by
Tasker, Press Illustrations



Ida Carton, the former star soprano of the Carl Rosa Opera company, with Herman Simberg, the Polish tenor



Sir Gerald Hargreaves, Mrs. Philip Parker, James Hardy Smith and Mrs. Comacho



Ivry Gitlis, the violinist, Mr. Jack Henderson and Harry Isaacs, the noted pianist



Mr. James Hardy Smith, Miss Siran Kouyou Djian, and Mr. Burke Broughton



Mrs. Enfield, Miss Vivien Hornby, who is the daughter of the inventor of "Meccano," and Mr. James Hardy Smith



Rudolf Comacho with Anton Fistoulari and Arthur Benjamin, who is chairman of the New Music of Great Britain Society

Anthony Cookman

with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Happy with Either"
(St. James's)

CHARLES LAMB cheerfully damned posterity and declared that he would write for antiquity. Evidently the same whimsical spirit has touched Miss Margaret Kennedy. Her new comedy would seem to have been written expressly for Gerald du Maurier. He, alas, is no longer here to play in it, and without him it is an empty "vehicle."

It exhibits a Bad Citizen in a sympathetic light. The rascal has married two women and served his sentence for bigamy. Returning to find that sentimental adversity has drawn the two wives together, he talks his way back into the good graces of both and at the same time carries on a spirited flirtation with the pretty Viennese cook.

IT is the author's business to supply her hero with the right brand of frivolous talk. She can do no more, unless she is a Wilde or a Sheridan; the actor must do the rest.

It is he who must put a high gloss of plausibility on the improbable rogue, and we must be made to see him through the eyes of the women as the Bad Citizen who is an indispensable companion.

Miss Kennedy has done her part of the business tolerably well. Christopher is no wit, but he has a light, easy, amusing line of talk and he is obviously not a bore. The actor is Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, and his failure to play up to the author comes about, not through lack of skill in comedy, but simply through his being Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White and not Gerald du Maurier or Charles Hawtrey. His own personality happens to be unsuited to the part. It suggests less the charmer toying as he pleases with the trivial emotions of trivial women than the grown-up exercising his dialectical powers at the expense of children. There is a touch of complacency in his manner, and the charm is altogether too conscious of itself to seem overwhelming.

PROPERLY cast, the comedy might well have taken the town. It has plenty of amusing lines, some well contrived situations and a great deal of fun that is supposed to appeal to women.

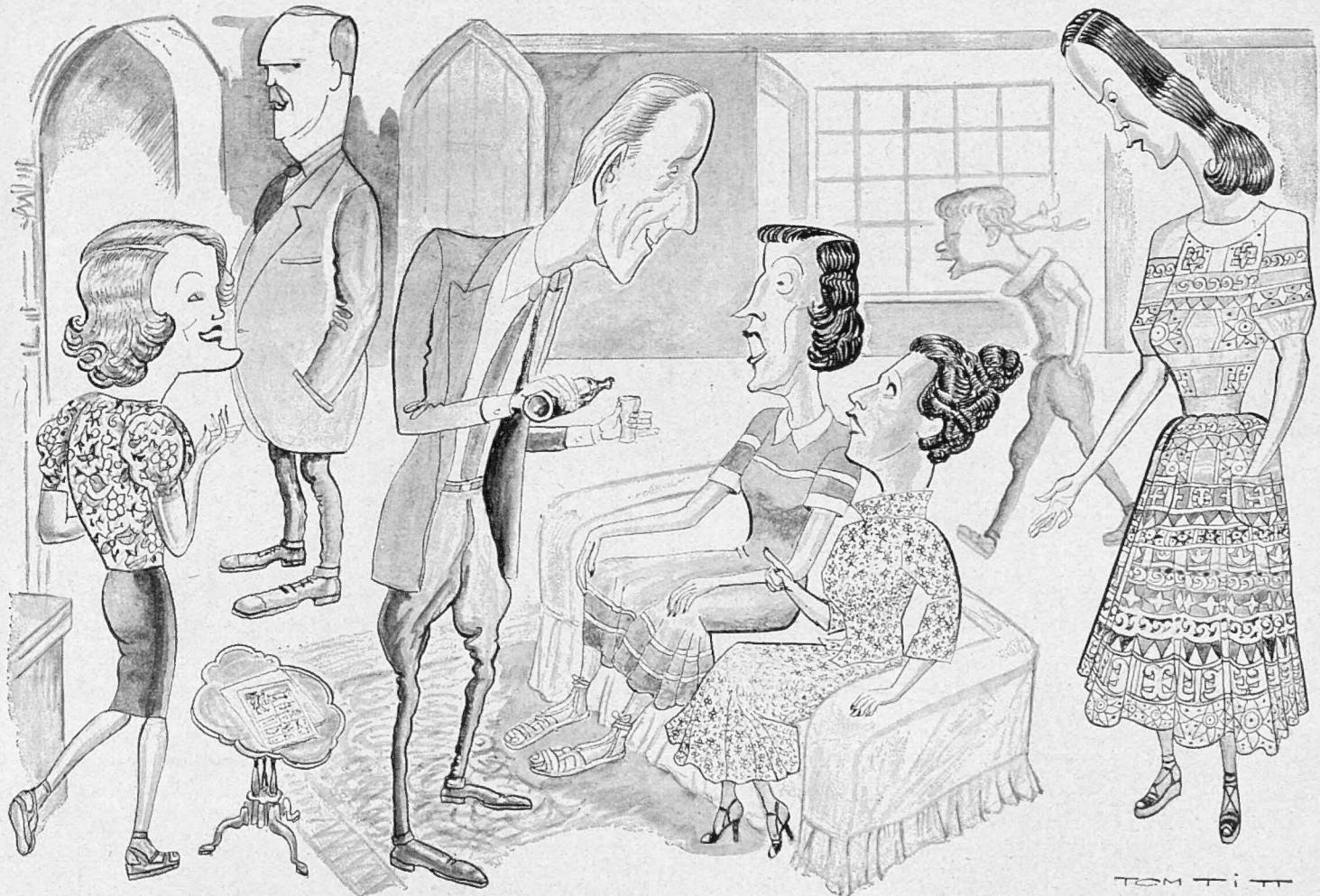
Miss Kennedy is not afraid to introduce sentimental passages into the midst of essentially ludicrous happenings, and it is in these passages that Miss Angela Baddeley and Miss Valerie Taylor, the friendly wives, find opportunities for some pretty effects. For most of the time the fun and the sentiment go amicably enough together, but once or twice Miss Taylor is brought perilously near a pathos which puts the charmer in a much too realistic light.



Christopher
Beens
(Wilfrid Hyde
White) as the
man they could
not embarrass

MISS CONSTANCE CUMMINGS satisfies herself (and the audience) with a dexterous sketch of the light-fingered, flirtatious Viennese cook, and Mr. Cyril Raymond plays with admirable solemnity the slow-witted Shropshire squire.

Miss Sheelagh Macalpine and Miss Adrienne Corri are the children. Since the complications which they set going are so easily disposed of in the course of the play, they are perhaps given rather too much rope.



At Mill Hollow Farm Wilfrid Hyde White as the ex-jailbird husband makes affable conversation with Valerie Taylor and Angela Baddeley as his wives to the amusement of the Viennese cook (left, Constance Cummings) and keen disapproval of John Medley (Cyril Raymond). The reprobate's elder daughter (Sheelagh Macalpine) is almost in tears at the idea of her charming papa's insecurity of tenure, but pigtailed Kitty (Adrienne Corri) is healthily free from sentimental broodings

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Missing: An Idea

An idea, even one single, little, beautiful idea, is the hidden treasure, in quest of which a film producer's life is spent, as we are reminded by the amusing opening scenes of *One Night With You* at the Odeon, Marble Arch. Failing an idea, the same film less intentionally recalls how few producers realize the value of giving a little attention to detail, to the creation of illusion.

Unfortunately, the opening search for ideas in a film studio, is the only idea stumbled on during *One Night With You*. Already here, however, is something wrong. Where is this studio? Who are these people?

It is just a studio, and film studios in any country are much the same whatever roof-tops can be seen on the backcloth out of the window. Granted, but there are surely relative distinctions. The voluble, broken English in which producer Fogliatti tries to goad his trio of unmistakably English writers or "ideas men" into giving birth to something resembling a story for a famous tenor, suggests strongly that we are in an English studio where such a combination is far from uncommon. Mr. Goldner's foreign exuberance may seem exaggerated, but is hardly more verbose than that of Mr. Pascal or Mr. Del Giudice. The set-up seems promising for a salutary self-satire of the circumstances in which British films get made.

AFTER some confused hilarity we soon learn that we are supposed to be in Italy. The knowledge shatters all conviction, all illusion. I am not a pedant for detail and am always irritated by people who will damn a whole film for a lapse in continuity. But if we are in an Italian studio why does only Mr. Goldner speak in a funny accent? Or why does he? Why has no convention been established to give Babel some local colour?

Whoever went on location, nobody but the tenor seemed farther off than at dear old Denham, in the never-never land of London's studio suburbia. Nor does the film ever leave that atmosphere, although much is made of the lateness of Italian trains (presumably therefore pre-Fascist, though not to judge by the heroine's fashions).

No idea ever does turn up; only the tenor (Nino Martini) to tell producer and audience how he and an English diplomat daughter wandered into prison together after missing their respective trains. Now had as affectionate care been lavished on the Italian background as for *A Man About the House*, there is no reason why the film should not have been quite a charming trifle. Failing that possibility it would have been better to translate the Italian story into English and the familiar English countryside.

As it is, this film falls into the category of painless pastime for those who go into cinemas to take the weight off their feet or get out of the rain for a

couple of hours' cosy doze. When they open their eyes they will find Mr. Martini an amiable person in a cardigan, Miss Roc less positively out of place than usual, and the irrepressible Bonar Colleano doing his best to inject some life into the proceedings. They will find nothing to disturb them, and that I suppose is something nowadays. Even the film's songs are of the same nebulous character as its intelligence. But somewhere in those deceptively promising opening scenes, Irene Worth, as a film star, acts like a future star of intelligence, personality and temperament. I don't think I have seen Miss Worth on the screen before, but hope to do so very soon again.

SENSE of period rather than of place is all-important to *The First Gentleman*. Surprisingly enough the film of Norman Ginsbury's play on the Prince Regent has been directed by Cavalcanti, one of our foremost men of the cinema. He has directed this very drawing-room costume piece discreetly, shifting the stage scenes and figures smoothly in their new element, and devoting much care to details of casting and setting—though more effectively, it seems to me, to the Regent's grotesque monstrosity at Brighton than to the other elegancies of the period named after its Prince and patron. Only some of the outdoor moments in Windsor and other royal parks achieve an almost Nash-like grace in the sweep of the great trees framed by the camera.

In spite of all care and decorum the illusion which must be the *raison d'être* of a costume piece is in my opinion brought to nothing by the miscasting of the two main parts. To call Cecil Parker miscast as the Regent is an over-simplification. Mr. Parker is an admirable and experienced actor; highly individual, his style and rather precious voice are not unsuited to the period; nobody would deny that

he gives an accomplished and conscientious performance. How unfair, then, that just because we have seen Mr. Parker give the same performance in so many different parts, periods and clothes, we should fail to believe in it except as Mr. Parker giving that clever performance again. Certainly he never for one moment made me believe that he was the Prince Regent, unless perhaps in a charade giving an imitation of Mr. Parker.

Much worse is the casting of Joan Hopkins as the beloved Princess Charlotte on whom the film naturally places its emphasis. Miss Hopkins is a very pretty blonde; she plays with pleasing simplicity and sincerity. But she has no style such as I believe even Hanoverian royalty must have acquired. Whether or not the Regent spoke still with a German accent (Mr. Parker does not), his parents and wife did. It is hard to believe that Princess Charlotte had already learnt the thin treble notes of Elstree English. I have seen—or rather heard—the illusion of more British period



pictures shattered by this precise intonation than by any other ascertainable flaw; and it is impossible to believe in this Princess's existence in any period or place outside a British studio in our day and age. Thereby falls the film, although Jean-Pierre Aumont as Prince Leopold makes the Princess's romantic marriage and tragic death in childbirth very affecting.

Halfway through, just to show what acting can do even for a film as staid and decorous as a film could be about so undecorous a prince as Prinny, appears Amy Frank as the unhappy Queen Caroline to bring sudden reality to the picture and tears to the eyes by the spleen and pathos of her humiliation, shut away in Connaught House, separated from her daughter, her only sour satisfaction derived from sticking pins in wax effigies of her revolting husband and burning them. A sordid and slightly grotesque figure, her portrait by Miss Frank gives the picture some moments of the dignity it for the most part apes.

THE two other films I have seen in the same week are new to me though old in fact: *The Gentle Sex*, revived at the Tatler, and *City for Conquest* at the Warner. The late Leslie Howard's tribute-cum-recruiting poster for the A.T.S. still has enough charm to be worth seeing for anybody who, like myself, missed *The Gentle Sex* during the war. But it is a faded, very faintly dated charm. Perhaps that is because such high hopes of a better world were still being uttered: even the young pilot's prophetic "But we can't just slide back into peace—peace is something we'll have to fight for" rings just slightly off the note now that we know it.

Perhaps the false note is that undisguisable streak of male patronage in the tribute to the wonderful women. Or can it be again those empty, anaemic studio voices, that conscious-class unconsciousness which devitalizes so many of our pictures? Of the mixed batch of A.T.S. whose military careers the film follows, only three are allowed to betray a vocal hint of their regional or social background. Egalitarianism is by no means dated, but English people do speak in a hundred different ways according to where and how they have been educated. For films to pretend that they do not, by standardizing Elstree English, is to rob them of character and individuality.

BOXING, boogie-woogie and the symphony pictures are three of my bugbears, so I cannot pretend to enjoyment of *City for Conquest*. But it would be impossible to deny the veracity and vitality of all except the symphony. Ann Sheridan's elocution may be a cut above James Cagney's East-side Irish, but that can be explained by the well-known aspirations of America's dancing daughters to rise in the world. The fight from which Cagney emerges blinded after fourteen rounds is the longest and nastiest I remember on the screen, and so, I must presume, the best.

ELIZABETH BOWEN,

who became book reviewer of *The Tatler* in October, 1941, has risen to the front rank of English novelists since the publication of her first collection of short stories *Encounters*, in 1923, and is one of those enviable writers whose work finds instant appreciation both in the public library and in "Third Programme" circles. Such titles as *The Last September*, *The Death of the Heart*, *The Cat Leaps*, *Look At All Those Roses* and her last collection *The Demon Lover* recall at once a compelling narrative style combined with rare imaginative quality. She recently wrote, with John Perry, the play *Castle Anna*, staged at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The story, of an Irish family, is a familiar subject since she is herself a native of Co. Cork, spending a part of each year there at Bowen's Court, of which she wrote the history in 1942. She is married to Mr. Alan Charles Cameron of the B.B.C. and their London home is at Regent's Park. At present she is working on a new novel, which is almost finished



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Mr. K. M.
Goodenough, M.C.,
High Commissioner for
Rhodesia

ONLY sixty years ago trackless veld swarming with wild life, a land of bloodshed and savagery. To-day Southern Rhodesia, another Empire outpost calling to skilled and hard-working British pioneers and artisans who wish to colonise territory boasting one of the best climates in the world. Underpopulated, with but 1,600,000 Africans and 90,000 Europeans, it covers an area three times greater than England and Wales. It needs British help.

Even the names of Southern Rhodesia's neighbours spell real romance for the historically-minded: in the north runs the Zambezi; on the south, the Limpopo River; to the west stretches the Bechuanaland Protectorate; to the south lies the Transvaal province of the Union of South Africa.

NEITHER a colony nor really a Dominion, Southern Rhodesia is self-governing, but comes under the Dominions, not the Colonial Office. Only in two fields is Southern Rhodesia unable to legislate freely—in affairs concerning the native population and those of Rhodesia Railways, Ltd., a private company. The elected Parliament has thirty members, based on a limited franchise.

The wealth developed since the Kimberley diamond merchant, and Prime Minister of Cape Colony, Cecil Rhodes, reached what is now Salisbury with the Pioneer Column in September 1890, is truly colossal. Revenue in a recent year totalled £11,000,000; exports of gold in 1944 totalled £5,000,000. Tobacco, chrome, asbestos, coal, maize, cattle, are the other abundant riches. Aircraft are now providing an additional important link with neighbouring territories.

THERE is a smile on the expressive face of the High Commissioner in London, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie Goodenough, M.C., youngest but one of ten children in the home of a Bristol boot factor. He played Soccer and Rugger for Fairfield School, matriculated, and worked for the Corporation as a surveyor till the Great War. He joined the Gloucester Field Artillery, received the M.C. in the retreat of the Fifth Army, was a guest of the Germans on a Baltic island, and came back to Leith on Christmas Day, 1918.

From his brother's office, as accountant, he took up a similar post with the Matabele Land Farmers' Co-operative, and in 1931 became manager, controlling dairies in an area half as large again as England and Wales.

RETURNING from a holiday at home, he was invited by the Government to take over the State's creamery business, butter factories producing about 600,000 lb. in a good year. His honours in Bulawayo, established fifty-five years ago by Rhodes's Pioneer Column, included being President of the Chamber of Commerce and Deputy Mayor. In 1946 Goodenough came to London, from the city of wide streets, mimosa and silver oaks.

In an airy and imposing study overlooking the Strand the High Commissioner says, "We need houses; railway rolling-stock; earth-moving machinery; agricultural implements and heavy engineering plant." These two years he has been busily expanding trade between Britain, his home, and Rhodesia, his adopted land.

He points the way. Already 12,000 Britons from this country have recently begun their new adventure.



Mme. Rais, wife of the Iranian Ambassador, was one of the large company at the celebrations

Mme. Ydigoras, wife of the Guatemalan Minister's son, wore a striking hat of roses and green veiling

Mrs. John B. Ackerman, wife of the Assistant Air Attaché at the U.S. Embassy

H.E. General Kaiser Gives a Reception

To Signalise Nepal's New Year's Day



The host and hostess, H.E. General Shum Shere Jung Bahadur Rana, G.B.E., the Nepalese Ambassador, and his wife, who entertained 1500 guests representing the Cabinet and members of nearly every Embassy in London



Lt.-Col. D. C. Forde, the Master, Mrs. P. W. Stewart, Mrs. Gerald Annesley and Viscountess Bury at the East Down Hunt Ball at Newcastle, Co. Down. The country was hunted by harriers as early as 1768, and the East Down Harriers were formed in 1887. They were recognised this season as a pack of foxhounds by the Irish Masters of Foxhounds

The East Down Celebrate Their First Season as Foxhounds



Capt. Eric Williams and Mrs. K. Lockhart, two popular Ulster steeplechasers



Mr. and Mrs. D. Kirkpatrick. Mr. Kirkpatrick is the owner of Grand Weather



Mrs. K. C. Kirkpatrick, Cdr. K. C. Kirkpatrick and Capt. D. Kirkpatrick



Major Kenneth Lockhart and Mrs. G. W. Panter spare a few minutes for a cigarette



Miss Nancy Redmond and Mr. W. B. Stevenson were also among the large number of guests



Viscount Bury (centre) selling tickets to Miss Patricia Magill and Mr. George Perceval-Maxwell



Mary Lady Mander, of The Mount, Compton, Staffs, widow of Sir Charles Mander, the first baronet, recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday with the very large and happy family party seen above. They are: *Front row*—Mrs. Neville Mander, Lady Mander, Capt. Marcus Mander, Mrs. James Ramsden, Mrs. Patrick Stirling, Sir Charles Mander, Bt., Mary Lady Mander, Mr. Gerald Mander, Miss Daphne Mander, Capt. Philip Mander, Mrs. William Purslow, Mrs. Gerald Mander and Mrs. Anstruther Cardew. *Second row*—Miss Elizabeth Neve, Mrs. Ernest Vaughan, Miss Mary Vaughan, Mrs. John Neve, Mrs. Mander, Mr. James Ramsden, Lady (Geoffrey) Mander, Sir Geoffrey Mander, Miss Mander, Mrs. Gervas Neville, Mr. Peter Neville, Mrs. Philip Mander, Lt. William Purslow, Miss Hargreaves, Miss Amy Stokes and Mrs. Kettle. *Third row*—Major Edmund Vaughan, Miss Margaret Neve, Mr. John Neve, Sir Louis Knuthsen, Mrs. P. Hickman, F/Lt. Patrick Hickman, Mrs. Amphlett, Miss Mary Amphlett, Miss Bridget Bailey and Mr. and Mrs. R. Bailey

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: Royal programmes for the summer months are always extensive, but an indication that this year Their Majesties' diaries are more than usually full of engagements is the fact that on June 11th, the day of the third Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace, the Queen has another engagement in the late afternoon, when she has promised to attend the annual regimental cocktail-party given by the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, at Knightsbridge. Were there any choice of other free days for the Party, one would have been selected not to clash with the regimental function.

Though the Presentation Parties are, as I have already mentioned, to be held this year indoors instead of in the Palace Gardens, thus giving them a more intimate and personal character, the King has told the Lord Chamberlain that they are not to be the occasion for a revival of the old pre-war ceremonial of the Royal Courts. Debutantes and others being presented will not meet Their Majesties formally.

The King and Queen will move about among their guests, shaking hands and chatting on the informal lines of a garden party.

DUKES, Field-Marshal and others of similarly exalted rank do not usually find themselves taking part in rehearsals. But the intricacies of the ceremonies for the investing of Knights

Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and the King's insistence on the punctilious observance of all details of such ritual, made several rehearsals necessary to ensure that all taking part in the St. George's Day Chapter of the 600th year of the Order should know their various duties and carry out the ancient ceremony to perfection. Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Harlech, Lord Halifax (the Chancellor of the Order), Sir Algar Howard, Garter King of Arms, and the Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Order, were among those who attended the Windsor rehearsals.

* * *

I WENT over to Eire for the inside of a week and thoroughly enjoyed a few days of happy-go-lucky life in the Emerald Isle, where everything seemed so easy in comparison with restrictions here. Clothes rationing has been entirely lifted since my last visit, and during a brief look round the Dublin shops my impression was that there was plenty of everything. There were lovely materials by some of the best designers at half the price we are used to paying here, as there is no purchase tax, but still beyond our reach when one remembers the Customs!

More and more English people are going over visiting, and some house-hunting. Among them is Major Victor McCalmont, who has bought a house not far away from his father, Major Dermot McCalmont, who has lived at Mount Juliet in Kilkenny for many years. Maj.-Gen. and the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Verney are others who have bought a house and are busy moving in. Capt. and Mrs. Mack, who have settled in

County Leitrim, are carrying on the very successful breeding of greyhounds they had started in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, who used to live at Sutton Scotney, have now moved to a house in County Wicklow, where he is farming hard, while his attractive daughter Zania, until recently working at the British Embassy in Paris, is doing wonders with the garden.

COL. MICHAEL BEAUMONT, who for some years was M.P. for Aylesbury Division of Bucks., has taken a large house in County Kildare and accepted the mastership of the "Killing Kildares." Another bit of hunting news I heard was that Major Phillip Profumo has taken on the joint-mastership of the Galway Blazers with Mr. Peel. The Hon. Bruce Ogilvie and his attractive wife are now settled into the house they have bought in the heart of the Meath country. Major the Hon. and Mrs. Randall Plunkett have come over from England and taken a furnished house while they are moving in to Dunsany Castle, the family home in Meath.

Visiting Eire recently were Lord Amhurst of Hackney, the Duchess of Devonshire, who has been enjoying the fishing at their lovely home in the south, the Duke of Leinster, back from the South of France in time for the birth of his first grandson, the son and heir of the Marquess and Marchioness of Kildare.

Lord and Lady Camrose were over for a few days with their daughter, Lady Birkenhead, and Earl and Countess Manvers were over from Thoresby Park, their Nottinghamshire home. From Surrey went Sir John Jarvis, with Lady Jarvis and their son, to look round the studs. Major and Mrs. Carlos Clark, Lady Davis, and Lady Harmsworth, who spent a few days in Dublin on her way to Limerick.

On my second day I went to Phoenix Park, where I enjoyed a very pleasant and comfortable afternoon's racing. This cost me less than a quarter of any race meeting in England. There were eight races on the card and the stake money was not worth less than £200 for any race, while there were £400 and £500 races included on the card. Sir Lauriston Arnott was as hospitable as ever in his private box with its "crow's nest" view of the course, which comes towards one from rather a difficult angle. The good-looking American Minister and Mrs. Garrett were watching the racing from here, the latter exceptionally chic in a warm, brown coat and hat.

Also enjoying Sir Lauriston's hospitality were Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd and her children with their cousins, young Lord Eleveden and his enchanting little sister, the Hon. Elizabeth Guinness, who were there with their mother, Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, and their step-father, Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall. The Countess of Fingall was up there talking to the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet. Mr. Clive Graham was having a busman's holiday that afternoon, and was accompanied by his pretty wife and Mrs. Dermott McGillycuddy, with whom they had been staying a fortnight. Also I met Col. and Mrs. Corballis Stourton, who told me their little daughter Vanessa, who rides so well, would be competing in the children's classes in the Dublin Spring Show.

Others I met at the meeting were Mrs. Luke Lillingston, looking very attractive in wine red. She had a runner during the afternoon. Mrs. Darby Rogers brought her very pretty niece, Miss Susan Dennis, who will be spending more time in Eire when her father, Mr. Pat Dennis, has moved into the house he has bought over there, now he has sold his house in Cheshire. Mr. Ivor Fitzherbert was escorting his very pretty wife, who was Miss June Dill before their marriage last September. They told me they are shortly coming over to England to live, as he is going to work in London. Lord Ardee, who had just returned for a brief visit to England, said his mother was happily recovering from the accident she had soon after arriving in Malta, when she fell and broke a bone in her leg. Also racing were the Earl of Fingall, Earl Fitzwilliam, Major and Mrs. Turner—he has the arduous responsibility of handicapping—Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Baggally, and Lt.-Col. Shirley and his charming wife, who looked smart in navy blue.

CAPT. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, who first bought a home in Wexford twenty years ago, are now quite settled into Altidore Castle in County Wicklow, where they moved three years ago after they had sold Moreton Paddox, in Warwickshire. They have done wonders to the garden with the help and advice of that clever horticulturist, Mrs. Solly Flood. They recently gave a very enjoyable cocktail-party when, alas, it was too wet and stormy for guests to stroll around the garden. Capt. Emmet and his wife, who looked most attractive in a dress of oyster crépe, had their daughter Mary and their younger son, Simon, who is a cadet at Dartmouth, to help them entertain their guests, as well as Mrs. Emmet's sister, the Hon. Mrs. du Buisson, over from Newmarket, Mrs. Victor Cartwright and her son, Charles Smith-Ryland, over from Warwickshire, and Lord Stafford, who were all staying in the house. Among those who motored to the party were the American Minister and Mrs. Garrett, who brought Mrs. Wilfred Fitzgerald, and Major and the Hon. Herbrand and Mrs. Alexander. That delightful couple, Sir Francis and Lady Brooke, came with her sister, Mrs. Bloomfield, who has just come to live in County Wicklow, while G/Capt. and Mrs. Tighe brought their pretty daughter Anne, who is marrying Lord Crofton in June.

Others at the party included Mr. and Mrs.

Donald Harbord, who have recently sold their house in Eire and are off to Kenya, Miss "Mo" Irwin, Miss Tottenham, of Ballycurry, who is a great personality in County Wicklow, and Mr. Charles Pilkington, who has done the interior decoration for some of the loveliest homes in Eire, with his fiancée, Miss Patsy Cooper. Also M. Goor, the ex-Belgian Minister in Dublin, and his wife, Mrs. Corballis and Mrs. Paget, the French-born wife of Major Jack Paget, who gave a delightful party at their home, Ardmore Place, a few days later.

I LUNCHEONED one day at the Kildare Street Club in Dublin and, as before, had an excellent meal. Lunching there were the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, whom I later saw at the opening of the Royal Hibernian Academy Exhibition in the National College of Art. This was the equivalent of the opening of our Royal Academy at Burlington House. The guests were received by the President of the Academy, Mr. James Sleator, and included the new Prime Minister and Mrs. Costello, the President and Mrs. O'Kelly, the Spanish Minister and his very chic wife, the Marchesa de Miraflores, the Italian Minister and Signora Rizzo, and the Attorney-General and Mrs. Laverty—he has for the time being given up a wonderful practice at the Bar to become Attorney-General.

Others there included Sir John and Lady Esmonde, Major-Gen. Sir George and Lady Franks, Lady Gratton Bellew, the Netherlands Chargé d'Affaires with his very popular and charming wife, Mme. Van Tets; Mr. Marshall Hutson, who was exhibiting, Mr. and Mrs. Chaplain and Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brennan.

A NOTHER afternoon I motored down through the lovely Avoca Valley to see the fine hand-woven tweeds being made at the Avoca Mills, which are run so successfully by the Misses Wynne, who live in a delightful house near by, and create all the designs that are woven in these mills. It was fascinating to see the whole process from start to finish. From here we went on to tea at Shelton Abbey, Lord Wicklow's lovely home at Arklow, which he has turned into a country hotel, standing in 1500 acres of woodland and fields in the Vale of Avoca. To get there we drove along the impressive two-mile-long avenue of rhodo-



The London Ashvillian Society, which consists of old boys of Ashville College, Harrogate, recently held their annual dinner at the May Fair. The guests above are Lord Mackintosh of Halifax (school treasurer), Lady Mackintosh, Col. S. S. Mallinson (chairman of dinner), Mrs. Mallinson, Lord Riverdale, G.B.E., and Mr. R. J. Martin (hon. sec.).

dendron bushes 20 ft. high. On arrival I found many guests enjoying peace and quiet in these lovely surroundings, with the added advantage of plenty of fresh produce grown in the enormous walled garden, and on the home farm. In the house, Lord Wicklow has left the original furniture and the fine collection of pictures assembled through the generations by the Earls of Wicklow, and even the family silver is used on the tables, so that it is just like staying in a lovely country house.



Angus McBean

Beryl Sleigh, the mezzo-contralto, who recently returned to us after a distinguished tour of South Africa. She is now rehearsing in London prior to giving a series of concerts during the summer season at the major coast resorts

I MOTORED out to The Curragh for another very good afternoon's racing, when I saw what are probably the two best horses in training in Ireland to-day, Heron Bridge, owned by that good Cheshire sportsman and supporter of racing, Mr. John Davis, and Esprit de France, owned by H.H. the Aga Khan, which finished first and second, respectively, in His Majesty's Plate. The winner was beautifully turned out by that successful trainer Mr. Darby Rogers, who has his stable at The Curragh.

Before the first race I saw the Earl of Sefton in the paddock with his host, Lord Adare. He was keenly interested in Tailbearer, which was parading round, as the filly is by his horse Iceberg II. Mrs. Hubert Hartigan, wearing a mink coat over her suit, was looking at her nice two-year-old filly Burrito, which was running for the first time and won the race in very convincing style. Mrs. Dermot McCalmon was in the paddock before the next race chatting to Col. Hill-Dillon, who is one of the Stewards of the meeting. She hoped her husband's filly Straight Flush would win, but Sir Thomas Dixon's grey colt Berwick Town beat it by half a length. Also racing were the Hon. Jock Skeffington, whose good-looking horse Barflet was running, and Mrs. Wellesley, who runs her own stud most successfully and had a third during the afternoon. I also met Mrs. Smethwick, who runs one of the Aga Khan's studs so well.

Also racing that afternoon were Countess Fitzwilliam chatting to Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Battine, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Grey, good-looking Mrs. Alexander, very well turned out in grey, Mrs. Mather Jackson, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Capt. Andrew Knowles and his very pretty wife, Brig. Boylan and his brother, Major Frankie Boylan, who controlled the car-parking so well.

Next day I had to leave this very pleasant country and travel back on the Irish Mail ship Princess Maud. I was greeted on embarking by that great character Toshball, surely one of the best-known stewards on any line, and a great friend of all in the racing world.

I HEAR that Tuesday, May 11th, has been chosen for the Royal National Life-Boat Institution's flag day in the Metropolitan area. Mrs. Bertram Abel Smith who does so much for the Institution, is going to be in charge of the City dépôt at the Mansion House, and Lady Shakespeare is to have a dépôt at the Dorchester; Lady Wakefield will be near by at Grosvenor House; Lady Forres at the Savoy; and Effie Lady Selsdon at the Berkeley. It is hoped that everyone will remember this day and give freely to this wonderful cause.



Miss Rose Harman, her father, Mr. A. S. Harman, with the Ballymacad Hunt Cup which he won for the third year in succession, with Wild Rosalie, and the rider of the winner, J. R. Cox



Major T. H. Bevan with Mr. Stewart Burles, the G.R., in the enclosure. There was a very large attendance at the meeting, which was held at Crossakeil, near Kells

The Ballymacad Hold Their Point-to-Point at Kells, Co. Meath



Mrs. K. Armstrong leading in her Actor, with P. Daly up, which won the Farmers' Race



Mrs. R. Matthews-Naper with her husband, Capt. R. Matthews-Naper, of the Australian Army



Miss Patricia Butler has finishing touches put to her hat before a race



Miss Anna Griffith, who rode the winner in the Ladies' Grand National, with Mr. J. E. Rowlands



Miss R. L. Bermingham and Miss S. Scrope, who are members of the Co. Westmeath Hunt



Mr. and Mrs. F. Nicholson, two popular members of the Ballymacad Hunt



Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Briscoe watched their hunter Nougat run in the Ladies' Grand National

Fennell, Dublin

Guests at "The Gallant Tipps" Hunt Ball at Clonmel, Tipperary



Capt. de la Poer-Monsell, of Tarvoe, Co. Limerick, with Countess de la Poer, of Kilsheelan, Co. Tipperary



Mrs. Charteris, wife of Lt.-Col. Charteris, of Cahir Park, Cahir, with her son, Mr. John Charteris



Keating, Clonmel
Miss Hinde, Viscount Folkestone, Miss Tritton, Miss Malcolson and the Hon. Richard Hely-Hutchinson at the Ball, which was held at the home of the Joint-M.F.H., Mrs. Masters



Mrs. Victor Henderson, daughter of Sir Crawford McCullagh, with Mrs. Jack Bamber, whose Haste Slowly was second in the Seaford Plate



Studying form in the Members' Enclosure : Miss Patricia Magill, Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, Viscountess Bury and Capt. J. J. Kirkpatrick, who are all keen racegoers and followers of the Co. Down Staghounds and East Down Foxhounds

Downpatrick Race Club Hold the Opening Ulster Meeting



Mrs. Oscar Henderson with Lady Glentoran, wife of Lord Glentoran, the Ulster owner



Major-Gen. G. I. Gartlan with Capt. and Mrs. D. Kirkpatrick and Miss M. Kirkpatrick



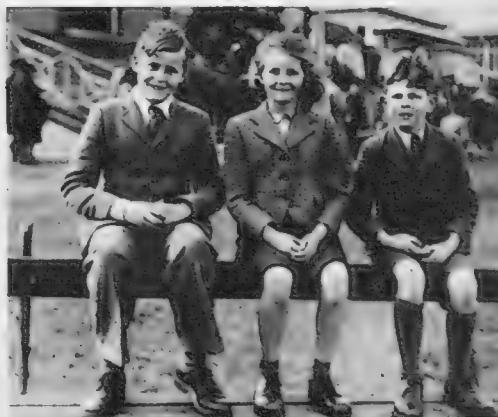
*Fennell, Dublin
Cdr. K. C. Kirkpatrick, steward of the Club, talking to Mrs. Denis Baggallay in the paddock*



Miss M. Kirkpatrick with Miss E. S. Workman. They are both members of the Co. Down Staghounds



Mrs. G. W. Panter discusses her choice with Major-Gen. Gartlan before a race



*Poole, Dublin
Viscount Elveden, heir to the Earl of Iveagh, with his sister, the Hon. Elizabeth Guinness, and cousin, Simon Lennox-Boyd*



The Hon. Mrs. Clive Graham, sister of the late Lord North, with her husband and Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy



Brigadier R. O. Critchley, who is in charge of greyhound training at Maudlins, Naas, Co. Kildare, with Mrs. Critchley



Major Allen, Major Stevenson and Major Jenkins riding down a steep bank during the Perthshire Drag Hunt's Hunter Trials, which took place in the grounds of the Earl and Countess of Mansfield's residence, Scone Palace

THE PERTH HUNTER TRIALS

Held in the Grounds of Scone Palace



Mrs. Murray Prain, of Ceres, Fife, watched the trials with her daughter Tessa and son Philip



The Countess of Mansfield, seen with Major N. M. Fraser, was another interested spectator



Mrs. J. Church, Mrs. C. Scott and Col. J. Scott taking a fence together in the team event



Moira Laird, of Craigie, Dundee, helps to fix a number to the arm of her sister, Sheila



Mrs. Anthony Way, of Kincairney, the Hon. June Barrie, daughter of the late Lord Abertay, and Lady Abertay



Lady Malvina Murray, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, with her pony



Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Chief of Air Staff, was the guest of the evening

The 83 Group R.A.F. Reunion Dinner



A/Cdr. Sir Harry Broadhurst, K.B.E.,
G/Capt. Cartmel, O.B.E., and W/Cdr. Kaye



S/Ldr. A. P. Wayte with F/O. Baerselman and F/O. Westlake-Guy. It was the third reunion dinner the Group has held



W/Cdr. P. G. Jamieson, D.S.O., S/Ldr. R. H. Harries, F/Lt. D. Rushworth and Major O. Ullestads

Priscilla in Paris

Jean-Paul Rolls On

THE new Jean-Paul Sartre play *Les Mains Sales*, at the Théâtre Antoine, is, so far, this year's greatest theatrical success. Sartre is still my "Dr. Fell" so far as his philosophy goes. The "reason why I cannot tell," however, is simply because it is an instinctive and cold-trickle-down-the-back dislike unnecessary to put into words. As to his success as a dramatist, I can only record the fact that he has hit the bull's-eye bang in the centre and that I join my congratulations with those of his many fans.

The play is, to quote M. Hervé Lauwick, "a Grand Guignol for highbrows," to which I will add that the lowbrows also will find food for reflection and thrills. The acting, by André Luguet and François Perrier, who have often been seen on the screen in London, is magnificent. Visitors to France who are only prepared to spend a week or so in Paris should book their seats before they come over, as the Théâtre Antoine is sold out at every performance.

Born Yesterday, that has become *Le Voyage à Washington*, has been politely, and impolitely, damned by the critics. But, saving a few pre-war old-timers, the new Press is notoriously captious and caustic. I do not think that habitual playgoers will endorse its verdict.

This comedy, that was so successful in the States and in London, is beautifully acted and splendidly produced by Henri Bernstein, who has brilliantly touched up the translation by M. and Mme. René Clair, at Les Ambassadeurs, one of the finest theatres in Paris. Tout Paris attended this première, from Lady Diana Duff-Cooper to Spinelly, who has decided to make her come-back to the Paris stage at the Bouffes-Parisiens in the rôle of a mother. Amongst the also present, I saw Mrs. Gould-Minot and Miss Nan Minot, Jacqueline Delubac, the Comtesse de Caix, Mlle. de Mercado, Mme. Beatrice Bretté Jeanine Crispin, and many other celebrities.

OF the new stage version, by Mme. Marcelle Maurette, of Emile Zola's grim novel *Thérèse Raquin*, at the Gymnase, there is nothing to be said. It is neither a play nor a spectacle, despite Christian Bérard's décor. It is a mere synopsis, a reader's digest, that arouses neither thrills nor smiles, except when the sordid heroine is nagged by her husband for buying a frock that, he declares, "must have cost at least thirty francs"! One wonders what he said when she acquired the déshabillé

that she was wearing when the scolding took place and would have cost, even in those far-off, easy-living days, many hundreds of francs.

Overdressing a play is one of the errors of most Paris productions. The rags and tatters required by a script are rarely forthcoming. Heroines, no matter how poverty-stricken, are invariably dressed by *les grands couturiers*, and I feel sarcastic, whenever a "penniless hero" sits down, after carefully hitching up his immaculate trousers, and displays the still varnished soles of his spandy new shoes.



THERE was great excitement at one of the French airfields when an extremely smart young *mondaine* arrived in her car to take lessons. In an unusually short time she was able to pass all necessary tests victoriously, and Mme. Paul Auriol was declared as holding her pilot's licence. Never, since Mme. Deschanel, have there been such popular "First Ladies" of France as Mme. Vincent Auriol and her daughter-in-law. The alterations and embellishments of the Palais de l'Élysée—that will be quite finished by the time H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh lunch there during their forthcoming visit—made by Mme. Vincent Auriol have been greatly admired, and the recently published fact that the many discarded panes of glass that had been used for the erection of an unsightly, glass-enclosed veranda by the order of one of M. Vincent Auriol's predecessors, have been sold for over 100,000 francs that will pay for further embellishments, rejoices the heart of the French nation (I am not speaking of the Government), that delights in making every *sou* go a long way. Mme. Auriol's clever management of the domestic affairs of the Presidency enchants everyone.

Voilà!

On the strength of the report that the bread ration is to be increased, young François, Marcel Rochas' son, was given a slightly thicker slice of bread and jam than usual for his afternoon *gouter*. He lifted up his voice and wept! When questioned by his astonished Nannie, he explained: "It makes the jam look thinner than usual!"



F/Lt. W. Sullivan, F/O. E. Sherwood, F/Lt. R. S. Hobbs, F/Lt. J. B. Skinner, F/Lt. A. C. Shaw, F/Lt. L. Thompson, F/Lt. A. C. Simon, Lt. S. F. Antonisen and S/Ldr. J. H. Norris



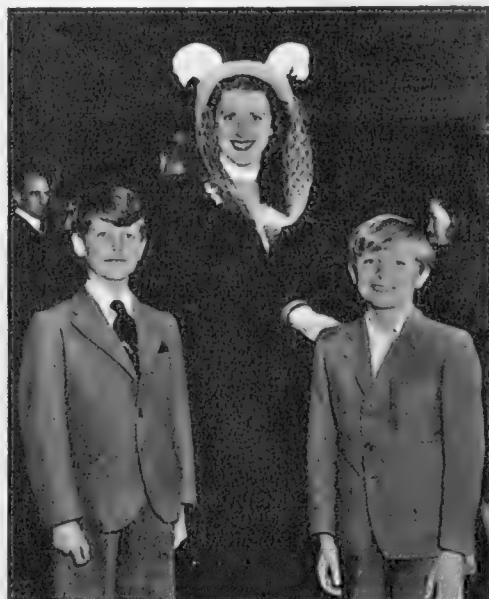
Villagers turn out in force to see the wedding, and the policeman stops traffic outside the church to allow the bridal car to drive up

“The Tatler” goes to— **A WEDDING IN A BERKSHIRE VILLAGE**

**The Sun Shone Upon the Marriage of Miss Venetia de Winton Wills
and Mr. Charles Forester, at Hungerford**



*Two of the guests, Mrs. C. Allan and her son,
Mr. Giles Allan, rest on a garden seat*



*Gerald Ward, Mrs. John Ward and Viscount
Royston, son of the Earl of Hardwicke*



*Lady Amabel Yorke with her mother,
the Countess of Hardwicke*



The bride leaves for the church with her father,
Lt.-Col. Edward de Winton Wills



Miss Edwin de Winton Wills who attended the
bride, her sister, with Mr. E. Doughty



The bride and bridegroom cutting the cake at the reception, which was held at Littlecote, the
residence of the bride's grandfather, Sir Ernest Wills, Bt.



The Hon. Edric Forester, father of the bridegroom,
Mrs. H. Persse and Lady Victoria Forester



Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, with Mrs. Derek Hague
and Sir Gerald Ley, who is the third baronet



"Hurry up, here they come!" The bridesmaid
and guests fasten a good-luck token to the bumper

Decorations
by Wyndham



"It was like bath night at Roedean with a dash of Walpurgis-Night, the Zoo Monkey-House . . . and a riot of maddened butterflies"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

WHEN the first tweedy English gentlewoman opened the first chintzy English teashop her laugh broke into a million pieces, and the pieces went skipping and dancing all over the world and turned into fair—or are we thinking of something else? Anyway a thinker claiming in print recently that the first of these defiant gestures in the face of Convention took place in the Edwardian Age is a trifle late, we dare suggest.

In our Edwardian infancy we had an elderly relative who used to sing, in what was then called "a tuneful contralto," a song from a Victorian musical-comedy about a girl of good family named Rhoda, who ran a Pagoda, selling tea and ices and soda. The last lines of the refrain reveal implications extremely disturbing at that period, or any other up to 1914:

(Archly, and with fluttering lashes):

"Many a maiden
Met a man
In the pretty Pagoda
Rhoda ran!"

No chaperones, you observe. Rhoda's dump was practically a bagnio. So licence waxed bolder, until a few years ago there was a great howl about dimly-lighted underground City teashops, which were soon swarming with plain-clothes cops of both sexes, spying on each other unawares. "Thanks for the chocolates, Mr. Liebenkrantz!" (Lovely Policewoman's Rallying-Cry.)

All due to Rhoda the Fast.

Brew

PROPOS tea, a Chinese authority hinting to Auntie *Times* that what is known by that name in these auspicious islands is brewed both badly and extravagantly was able to conceal natural shudders with typical Celestial courtesy.

Anyone who has once received, from a fair Chinesé hand, a clear pale-amber liquid of delicate fragrance served in a small eggshell-porcelain bowl, with golden blossoms floating on the surface, is aware that what the Flowery Kingdom politely asks itself is why, having swallowed the native hell-brew, the Race doesn't devour the leaves as well, grunting avidly. It once did, apparently, judging from the Augustan poet:

From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,
And China's Earth receives the smoking Tide,
Should Leaves remain, the Beau Monde mops
'em up,
And ardent Spirits even eat the Cup . . .

Afterthought

WE don't find any reference to this latter custom in Swift's *Polite Conversation*, but as it goes perfectly with the fashionable background the Dean obviously took it for granted. Passage to be supplied:



"The Devil rot your guts, my Lord . . ."

LADY SMART: The Devil rot your Guts, my Lord, you have eaten my three best Cups already.

LD. SPARKISH: Ay, 'tis an old Chinese Custom, like— Hem!

NEVEROUT: I vow Miss is blushing purely.

Miss: Go take a running Jump into Rosamond's Pond, you big Slob.

(Here all laugh, and the Colonel swallows a Creamjug.)

You say eating tea-services is a barbarous habit, we say that in Chinese eyes it is no more barbarous than imbibing or inhausting what the average British housewife believes to be tea. However, the Chinese are rather choosy.

Tiff

THAT excellent oldfashioned term of endearment, "choléra," commonly applied by muffled citizens of Montmartre and Montrouge to their lady-friends during a tiff, will become obsolete, doubtless, if the newly-discovered sulphonamide drug is able to abolish the disease.

Calling a lady a *choléra* implies not merely that she is unsuitable as a soulmate but that the very sight of her fair pan throws the beholder into a sweating-sickness and brings him out in spots. Compared with this, how feeble is the five-letter word commonly applied by West End clubmen to ladies with whom they have differed! It seems indeed time for the Race to return in this cultural sense to the spacious Renaissance, when any gentleman might address a dewy English Rose in some such terms as:

Thou whey-fac'd gibcat, puddock,
snoozling mommet,
Shark-spawn of Erebus, and fram-
pold greeze,
With rav'ning teeth I'll tear thy
reeking heart

From that curst bosom (etc., etc.).

To which a wellbred girl would
reply with downcast eyes:

O, Sir, methinks you do upbraid me! Nay,
That look is most unkind (etc.).

It often ended *Exit Ferdinand, with Fidelia's heart on his dagger*, but it needn't go as far as that. At any rate, outside Bohemian circles.

Theatre

ADRAMA critic recalling big pre-war London musical productions included one very lavish one "from the German" but did not mention its most vivid moment, which took place backstage during the dress-rehearsal. We happened to be there with a friend in the racket.

Towards 5.30 p.m. an overwrought chorus-boy slapped another chorus-boy's face in a dressing-room. Within fifteen seconds hell broke loose. Chorus-boys ran hither and

thither, screaming and slapping and fainting and waving powderpuffs and having their stay-laces cut. Excitable shirtsleeved persons in bowler hats stamped and cursed and gesticulated. It was like bath-night at Roedean with a dash of Walpurgis-Night, the Zoo Monkey-House, a fairy scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a riot of maddened butterflies. Meanwhile on the stage a chunky Nordic love-duet was being fed in nutritious goblets, like cold rice-pudding, to a depressed group in the stalls. What audiences miss, we thought. . .

A theory occurring to us then has remained ever since, namely that the modern Theatre would often be more interesting if they turned it back to front. If you saw this printed in a glossy, expensive volume translated from German or Czech, with smarty "abstract" designs, you'd gulp it whole, you old wistfuls.

Wuddy

HERE'S the shadow of the wuddy, joe, that lies braid across your path," says the old hag chattering under the gibbet to David Balfour in *Catrina*. This shadow having been removed the other day from the path of honest British gunmen, one could hardly help hearing ringing cheers from the underworld mingling with those of the M.P.s responsible.

We don't say these emotional boys and girls are wrong, we would simply mention one or two resultant disabilities affecting the citizenry at large. To wit:

1. The off-duty beer drawn by Mr. Pierrepont, *maître des hautes œuvres*, in his cosy Northern pub may lose some of its flavour for connoisseurs.

2. Rich women will be unable to buy expensive bits of (alleged) hangman's rope for a lucky charm.

3. Those jolly little automatic-machines on Brighton piers enabling the Race to hang a man for a penny-in-the-slot will put their prices up.

4. Large numbers of booksy boys and girls will have to substitute for a boring situation, situations yet more boring.

5. Street-lamps will lose their interest for lovers of the Intelligentsia.

This last fear is perhaps unjustified. Everybody knows that when the great dawn arrives the Red, Pink or Bloomsbury Intelligentsia will be the first to be liquidated. Though the Comrades are great ones for form and procedure they may be unable to resist the call of the street-lamp, like the Jacobins before them. "Boys will be boys," one can see some kindly Chief Commissar saying with an indulgent chuckle as the last falsetto yelp of the *New Statesman* group dies away on the evening air. . .



Brigadier C. B. Harvey's *Aquilo* in the paddock after winning the *Adjacent Hunts' Race*



Taking the last jump in the *Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race*. The card was well filled for this popular Melton Mowbray meeting, the weather was good, and there was an excellent attendance of spectators



Miss Judy Balding, winner of the *Ladies' Race*, with Miss Margaret Crawford

The Quorn Point-to-Point



Mrs. Millias with the Hon. and Mrs. William Rollo, relatives of Lord Rollo



Mr. J. M. Spurrier and Mrs. Kingscote were among those who saw some very exciting racing



Dr. and Mrs. John brought their son, Anthony John, for a day's open-air outing



Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Pilkington and Gill Pilkington were another family trio



Mrs. R. Farquhar discusses the programme with Mrs. Norman and Major Norman



Major and Mrs. F. R. Wragg watching the entries parade before a race



Belinda Gold, accompanied by a shaggy friend, with Mrs. Parish and Mrs. McCraith



Mrs. Fanshawe, Miss M. Crawford and Mrs. P. M. Bourne chatting in between races



A Farewell Dinner was recently given to Air Vice-Marshal C. A. Bouchier, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., Commander of the British Commonwealth Air Force for over two years, on the eve of his departure from Japan. It was attended by senior staff officers, Component Commanders of B.C.O.F. and Commanders of A.M.G. Regions. Standing are seen: Col. R. P. Dickson (U.K.), Brig. W. H. Leng (Aust.), Air/Cdre. Ian McLaughlan (Aust.), Col. H. M. Foster (N.Z.), Brig. A. R. Garrett (Aust.), Air Vice-Marshal J. P. McCauley (Aust.), Brig. J. P. C. Mackinlay (U.K.), Brig. S. H. Crump (N.Z.), Air/Cdre. A. J. Rankin (U.K.), Lt.-Cdr. F. A. L. Heron-Watson (U.K.), Brig. R. G. H. Irving (Aust.). Sitting: Col. C. E. Coughlan (U.S.A.), Brig. R. N. L. Hopkins (Aust.), Air Vice-Marshal Bouchier, Brig. L. Potter (N.Z.), Col. R. C. Snyder (U.S.A.). In front: S/Ldr. D. F. St. George (N.Z.), G/Capt. Eaton (Aust.)

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

A UNIQUE fact where this year's Derby is concerned is that neither of the two grand colts My Babu and Black Tarquin, who are at the top of the betting, and are placed within two pounds of one another in the Free Handicap, is thoroughbred, according to the laws of the British Stud Book, which appear to be as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians, and are cribbed, cabined and confined by a thing called "The Jersey Act." This enactment laid it down that no further, or existing, American strains, which could not trace untainted descent from the original mares in the Stud Book, could be considered thoroughbred, and it followed, therefore, that they must have the disabling and damaging letters H.B. placed after their names, thus diminishing, if not obliterating, their value at stud, and placing a bar sinister upon all their descendants. The Americans ridicule The Jersey Act, and very justly as some of us think, since, before it was brought into force, these magnificent "illegitimate" were never questioned.

"Tainted" Pedigrees

BOTH My Babu's and Black Tarquin's pedigrees are held to be "tainted" by reason of a mare called Frizette. She is common to both pedigrees, the fifth generation where My Babu is concerned, and she appears in the bottom line of Black Tarquin's. It would, perhaps, bore anyone who is not intimately interested in bloodstock breeding, to fire a salvo of names designed to obliterate The Jersey Act; besides, I am sure that our friends across the Atlantic have plenty of ammunition ready in case either of these "illegitimate" colts wins the Derby. One or other of them very probably will.

It may, however, help even the superficial observer to set down the fact that Frizette was out of the St. Simon mare Ondulée (so she was very well-named), and that the latter could trace her lineage back through five generations to that *Grande Dame* Mendicant. What a chortling there will be in America if the Derby goes the way so many of us believe that it may! I should compute that two bars sinister top of the class are unique in the whole long history of the turf.

Great Ladies

VIS-A-VIS the foregoing, this following paragraph may only interest those who keep that useful and sometimes rather disconcerting thing, a scrapbook. Sometimes it serves the purpose of putting the dogmatic up the pole, always, as I think, a worthy action. Under the French system of breeding, which they call *jument base*, they believe in nine mares which they consider "established." Here are the names: Cobweb, Miss Letty, Crucifix, Mendicant, Beeswing, Alice Hawthorn,

Blink Bonny, Princess of Wales, and Spinaway. We, on the other hand, are a bit more catholic, and believe that the list should read something like this: Queen Mary (dam of Blink Bonny), Beeswing, Crucifix, Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), Blink Bonny, Alice Hawthorn, Seclusion (dam of Hermit), Ellen Horne (dam of Rouge Rose, the dam of Bend Or), Agnes (ref. Ormonde), Enigma, Martha Lynn (dam of Voltigeur, from whom St. Simon, etc.), Spinaway (vide the Oaks winners' escutcheons), Princess of Wales (by Stockwell), Lady Moore Carew (dam of Mendicant, ref. above to Frizette), Miss Letty, and Cobweb, who was the dam of Bay Middleton. A gallery of *Grandes Dames*!

The Late Colonel H. E. Medlicott

THE news of the sudden death in Nairobi of Hal Medlicott must have come with as great a shock to his many other friends as it did to myself, who was one of his oldest, for I first met him when he was on Lord Kitchener's staff in India in 1909. Besides having a very fine service record: South Africa (with the Irish Horse), first and second German Wars and the Afghan War 1919, he was very well known in the world of sport, particularly where pig-sticking and foxhunting were concerned. He won the Kadir Cup, India's pig-sticking Blue Riband, in 1914, on his own horse Drogheda, having previously won the Gujerat Cup in 1909 on another of his own, Result II. He was on the committee, and worked very hard to make a success of that Hoghuners Dinner we had in London in June 1929, which, incidentally, I happened to have organised, and of which the late

Lord Baden-Powell was the chairman. H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, was the sole guest of honour. I cannot recall how many winners of the Kadir were there, but the number was considerable and probably a record assembly for any event of its kind.

Hal Medlicott, who was originally a Gunner, and later went to the 3rd Skinner's Horse, was one of the best heavy-weights over a country I have ever met, quite as good as the late Lord Lonsdale, Colonel Jack Lowther, Cartwright, of the Warwickshire, or Lord Rosebery, just to mention a few at random, and I met him very frequently in the Bicester country, that once pleasant region for a ride behind a good pack of hounds. He lived in the country for many years, and had the great misfortune to lose one of his eyes, a thorn being responsible; but even that did not stop him, and it was only when business affairs crowded in on him that he gave up a few years before the 1939 war.

Disregarding Omens

AN old acquaintance (G. J. Brownlow) who lives in Ireland these days, and who dates back to the times when Archie Tod and "The Admiral" (Railston) were units of a very famous Rifle Brigade polo team, writes me a sad letter about how he was so foolish as to disregard two dead certainties for the Derby handed him by the uncanny force which controls omens. He writes:

I remember two occasions when fate handed me the Derby winner on a gold salver, and I never saw it until too late. The first time was when I had to go down to Eton on Derby day and see about my boy going there. I intended to take my ticket and then send a wire to my bookmaker. I booked to Windsor, but backed nothing. Windsor Lad won! The other occasion was more recent, and worse. Again I could not make up my mind, and when flying back here on Derby Day, the pilot passed back a chit saying Airborne had won. It was too much, and I nearly wept! D. Bell, as was, is a neighbour now, as her husband is stationed here and, of course, Ikey and Dolly are to be seen in Dublin on occasions. Incidentally, the boy I was seeing about going to Eton ended up as Master of the Beagles.

Concerning Ikey Bell, someone told me the other day that during the season in Ireland, he went out hunting on a side-saddle, that very bad fall he had having made any other sort of saddle impossible. His book *A Huntsman's Log-Book*, which I was told wouldn't sell at all, hardly hit the floor before it was sold clean out, and you cannot get a copy at all and will not be able to for some months to come. I recently reviewed it in these notes, and am very proud to have edited it in the manuscript, which, incidentally, took a bit of doing, as some of his pals may realise!

BRIGGS—by Graham



EMMWOOD'S

WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 17)

A steady frequenter of bun-fights, camp kitchens and canteens.
Quick on the wing, and possesses a most melodious song



The Grub Wanglar—or Tufted Tori Tattler

(Acheera-Houswifcawlin)

ADULT MALE: General colour above pink, lightly crested with ashy-fulvous feathers, heavily tufted above the eye-sacs with feathers of a similar hue; beak prominent, curved, and mid-mauve in colour; mandibles blue; body feathers blue, often striped; shanks well feathered and sturdy; the bird is capable of executing prodigious bursts of speed in all directions when danger threatens its chosen seat—or perch; feet dainty and nimble.

HABITS: This inspiring little member of the Westminster family has not been heard for some little time, chirruping and tattling as was its wont, around and about the environs of Westminster. The bird has always been a great favourite with Britain's housewives, its assuring little song, a kind of "Ihavaraiged-morfüdfoyu"; and its quaint little habit of grub-chasing brought many a joyful sigh from their lips as they fought wildly,

in their queues, to obtain some succulent feather with which to adorn their bonnets. The Tori Tattler is most amusing to watch as it castigates the more inexperienced and less nimble members of its genus; it is even more amusing and, it should be admitted, pathetic to watch the victim of the bird's castigations as it flutters helplessly to and fro in search of some extra grub to wangle.

HABITATS: Although the Tori Tattler was a constant nester at Westminster and although its pretty song was often broadcast over the ether from those environs, it has, of late, taken to making flights in and about the shires for the purpose, apparently, of obtaining material with which to improve the perches of its species. The bird is inordinately fond of roosting in any chair that it may find to be vacant—and, indeed, many that are not.



Scoreboard

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE

Politer men than Mr. Beanham
There may exist; I have not seen 'em;
Quaint mottoes flaunt on family banners;
On his, this only—"Have Good Manners."

Thus, when, at golf, his nine-inch putt
Eludes the hole, he says, "tut, tut";
At cricket, when he's given Out,
He says "Quite so," and "Passe du Tout."

At Rugby football it's the same;
He says—however rough the game,
However tangled his adventures—
"Those, if you've finished, are my dentures."

Games-players all, who stamp and swear
And howl "off-side" and tear your hair,
To ripe old age from when you toddle,
Let Mr. Beanham be your model.

BUT, in how few sports or pastimes does courtesy remain. At Soccer, doubt is constantly being cast on the descent of the arbiter; at water-polo, whale-like men attempt to drown each other; even at golf, eminent contestants have taken to rolling about in unseemly strife below the committee-room windows. Soon, chess will be contaminated, and it will occasion no surprise if Botwinnik raps Smyslov smartly on the napper with a Queen's Bishop and says, "Your move, comrade; closing time's at nine; and I've a tongue like a parrot's cage on the equator."

The politest game in the world used to be professional billiards. The entry of John Roberts in the majesty of evening dress and expectation was the perfect wedding of manners and fashion. Spectators were known to rise and answer his bow, like subjects rather than patrons. The balls waited upon his skill with sacrificial obedience. In later years, to watch Tom Reece chalk his cue before a three-cushion cannon was to assist at a quasi-sacerdotal ceremony.

The rebuilding of Thurston's has restored tone to Leicester Square. But the plaque on Sir Joshua Reynolds's house is obliterated, and the lights of the Alhambra have gone out for ever.

RUGBY School, besides inventing a game and the prefectorial system in boarding-schools, has produced two of the most remarkable all-rounders in modern times, D. S. Milford and M. M. Walford. David Milford, at an age when most players relegate themselves to the gallery, this spring won the Amateur Rackets Doubles championship and was within an ace, literally, of winning the Singles also from the holder, John Pawle. Lacking the power of some champions, Milford has shown a combined speed of foot and brain probably unequalled by any modern court-game player, even including Borotra. At lawn-tennis, which he treats as a by-product, he is a master of the flippant half-volley. At hockey, he played twenty-five times for England, and, so tortuous was his stick-work at inside-left that he often beat his own outside-left as well as the opposing defence.

Micky Walford, a half-back of this year's England hockey team, was desperately unlucky to miss a Rugger international just before the war as a centre three-quarter. At cricket, for Somerset, he set the West Country ablaze with his batting last August. Could he play all the summer, the England side might not be beyond him. But he, like Milford, is a schoolmaster. What a team could have been produced by pedagogy. A lost legion. Australia's Bill O'Reilly rescued himself in time from the triangles and irregular verbs.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



"Vauxhall Gardens," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1784, and considered Rowlandson's masterpiece, is now to be seen in an exhibition of the artist's works opened yesterday at Ellis and Smith's Galleries, 16b, Bruton Street, in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. This drawing, loaned by Mr. Alfred E. Pearson, was rediscovered in recent years, bought for £1, and subsequently auctioned in 1945 for nearly £3000. It is a composite portrait of Georgian leaders of fashion, and includes George Prince of Wales with "Perdita" Robinson and her aged husband standing on the right, and Dr. Johnson supping with members of his circle in the box on the left

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"The Goebbels Diaries"

"Answer to Question 33"

"The Harp in the South"

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.) have been translated and edited by Louis P. Lochner—for many years Berlin correspondent of the Associated Press of America. Mr. Lochner's task was, he tells us, as exacting, and needed as close a use of the judgment, as any which had confronted him while he watched, and had to relay to the outside world, the Nazi dementia prior to 1940.

Verbosity was a Nazi trait: Goebbels' diaries were as voluminous in their manner as Hitler's speeches: both required reducing. That process not only saved space; it made plainer the entire sinister point of what had been written or had been said.

The Diaries—Incomplete though they were—originally confronted Mr. Lochner with some 7100 pages (approximately 750,000 words). It was necessary to limit the book we have now in hand to 500 printed pages—which had to include the editor's own, very necessary, notes and explanatory paragraphs. I feel that everyone must agree that Mr. Lochner has done his work ably. He has transmitted to us, as the book stands, everything relevant to the war's history; and, perhaps still more important, he has preserved those passages which are most enlightening as to the Nazi viewpoint in general and Dr. Goebbels in particular.

The survival of the Diaries was all but a miracle. "When," the wrapper tells us, "the Russians occupied Berlin in 1945, they went through the German official archives with more vigour than discrimination. Some material was shipped to Russia, some destroyed, and the rest scattered underfoot. The discarded documents were for the most part seized upon by people who, in Berlin at that time, were desperate to lay hands on anything tangible which could be used as barter, and sold as scrap paper. Such was the fate of some seven thousand typewritten sheets, which, loosely roped together in bundles, passed through several hands before they came into the possession of a former Military Attaché at the American Embassy in Berlin. He was the first to recognise them as what they were—the personal diaries for 1942 and 1943 of Dr. Joseph Goebbels."

Considerable passages are missing: where such gaps occur Mr. Lochner gives us a résumé of the events on which we should have had, but alas lack, Dr. Goebbels' comments. It seems likely that the missing passages went up in flames; for there was, the editor tells us, "a smell of burnt paper about the whole collection, and some pages were singed." It seems also likely that whole other volumes of the Diaries were, ignorantly, destroyed. However, we have what remains—infinitely disagreeable, but, both historically and pathologically, infinitely interesting. In *The Goebbels Diaries*, as these reach us, the first entry is dated January 21st, 1942; the last, December 9th, 1943—climax-time of the major Allied air attacks on Berlin and other German cities.

The years since these Diaries were written have already created their own perspective. For instance, while Hitler and

his little clique of detriments were still our living enemies, in power, they had in their own way a grotesque joke-value: much that Goebbels records would have been worth a laugh to us in 1942, 1943. By now, any music-hall interest has long ago been submerged in the blood, flames and horror, the deserved but palpable nightmare of the end.

The case-history interest is, on the other hand, stronger than ever, now

RECORD OF THE WEEK

No one enjoys a well-arranged accompaniment better than I do, but there is a time and place for everything, and I feel that the accompaniment to *Monsieur Ernest a Réussi*, good though it may be as an exhibition of orchestral pyrotechnics, is inartistic and incorrect as a setting for the singing of Edith Piaf. The accompaniment to her second song, *Le Geste*, is in slightly better taste, but I am sure Edith Piaf would

have preferred to sing both these songs with a piano only. Piaf is an artist who does not need any kind of embellishment.

The making of gramophone discs is an art, and when a singer of the calibre of Edith Piaf is being recorded, let us be allowed to relax and enjoy her native artistry without plumes borrowed from a lot of jitterbugging ostriches. (Decca M. 609)

Robert Tredinnick.

that we are enabled to piece together a story of which we once only knew a part. To read these pages is to inhabit an atmosphere of craziness. Last year, reading Ciano's Diary, we were in company with thugs, amoral rather than inhuman in their reactions—there was a considerable element of mere bragging foolishness. The inside of Nazism, as Goebbels shows it, is more sinister than the inside of Fascism—here is something anti-human, queered. Everything is reflected in a distorting mirror.

GOEBBELS' conviction as to his own genius stands out a mile. One cannot deny him staggering cleverness, alongside which raced energy: he was indefatigable, this horrible little man. His insignificant club-footed little body might have been made of steel: he carried on, through all, with the exaltation of a man who, having had for years to bite on defeat, has suddenly found an undreamed-of rôle. He was a *manqué* novelist and playwright—who shall say how far his imagination went to the creation, the dramatisation of Hitler? His adoration of his Fuehrer has an hysterical mysticism about it. Goering, Ribbentrop, all the others in the gang, he sized up with what time has proved to be deadly acuteness—but, whenever there is any question of Hitler, uncritical piety appears.

His views of us are worth having: seldom is he quite off the mark. "The English," he complains in February 1942, "won't let themselves be disturbed in the complacency of their arguments. They are a very peculiar people with whom it is difficult to have an argument. They are obdurate to a degree that gets on one's nerves in the long run. But possibly that is a national advantage rather than a disadvantage." Of the French it could be said that he disapproved; he repeatedly speaks of them as "a macabre people." For the Russians, he had an unwilling admiration; their methods gnawed at his fancy; his passage on the parallel aims of Bolshevism and Nazism is striking.

FIRST and last, these are the diaries of a Propaganda Minister—and it is, I think, as a treatise on propaganda that the book is of the greatest interest of all. If propaganda has come to stay, as a dubiously moral but powerful discovery of our century's, Dr. Goebbels deserves to be accepted as a standard authority. That he recognised a truth when he saw it one cannot doubt: his immediate concern, however, was what to *do* with a truth—exploit it, distort it, plug it, or suppress it?

His aims were, simultaneously, three—(a) to sow discord among the Allies and lower morale in enemy countries; (b) to impress or intimidate wavering neutrals; (c) to encourage and reassure his own people. In general, he felt, the less the Germans were told, the better: many entries deal with the trouble caused him by leakage into his country of news or views from the outside world. Accounts of his handling of press and radio, and of his determination to exploit every possibility of the cinema—both at home in Germany and in the conquered countries—are instructive. . . . Incidentally, the Germans during the war appear to have been far less malleable than we thought at the time: the Propaganda Minister often found himself put to it—he was perhaps most clever in the concessions he made.

The accounts of the Allied air raids on Germany, and of the devastation caused by them, are sombre; nor does Goebbels underestimate their long-term effects. He was—perhaps his most human trait—squeamish; he shrank from physical horror, from cataclysmic distresses. All the same, we have—

BOWEN ON BOOKS

in the heart of November 1943—a strange exaltation:

The sky above Berlin is bloody, deep red, and awe-inspiringly beautiful. I just can't stand looking at it. . . . It seems as though all the elements of fate and nature have conspired against us to create difficulties. If only frost would set in, so that our tanks might move again in the East! . . . What a life we are leading! Who could have prophesied this when I was born! I don't believe anyone could be leading a more dramatic and nerve-racking life. Nevertheless it has great and impelling impulses. One must throw oneself into this life with abandon both to taste it to the full and to help to shape it. Later generations will not only admire us but be jealous of that life entrusted us with such tremendous tasks.



An Inn Crafts Exhibition now being held at the Suffolk Galleries, Pall Mall, includes every kind of craft from blacksmithing to basket-work associated with the furnishing and equipment of an inn. One of the exhibits, an inn sign designed and painted by L. J. Linton, is shown here. Five hundred individual craftsmen submitted nearly 1500 works to the selection committee under Sir Eric Maclagan, and much commissioned work is also on view

CHRISTOPHER SYKES's novel *Answer to Question 33* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) carries a complex story with an admirable effect of ease. This must, I think, be due to its style and shape—there are no straggling dissertations or side-issues, and Mr. Sykes endows his narrator-hero with engaging modesty and frankness. Kirkby's position is, indeed, an odd one: his own life story and love story contain, he discovers, the actual answer to a question he hears asked in the House of Commons. Question 33 "was designed to elicit from his Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs why a certain attractive Italian lady, Donna Isabella, was broadcasting anti-British propaganda from one of the Moscow stations."

Who the lady is, and why she is taking this line, Kirkby has only to look back into the past

to see. What he sees, he tells us. The story begins, long before, in the North of England, with his boyish love for a girl of his own age, daughter of an imposing neighbouring house. Caroline Medlam, a wilful and dazzling little beauty, has been brought up anachronistically, in the worst rather than best of the *ancien régime* tradition—hardly aware that anyone outside her own tiny, privileged, lonely world exists. At the same time, she has been influenced by her brother, unpopular Lord Almury. Everything combines, as she and Kirkby grow older, to make her play fast and loose with him—yet, she haunts him, for years making impossible any other love.

IN Egypt, Kirkby meets Isabella—an ardent creature with a non-English person's passionate idealisation of England. She, by some uncanny chance, looks at Kirkby with Caroline's eyes—he had thought no others could be the same. For him, therefore (at first), Isabella is an echo of Caroline; *he*, for her, is England. When, in Cairo during the war, their paths again cross, a spell, for both of them, takes effect. Kirkby, also, helps Isabella gain her object—which is, to be allowed to work for the Allied cause in the Middle East. In spite of her loyalty she is, by many, suspect. Then, to crown all, Caroline reappears.

For Isabella, there is to be a double disillusionment—with love, with England. The result? She is next to be heard of as Moscow's voice.

Kirkby says, near the end:

There are certain sentiments which are impossible to analyse without sympathy. We who know that England has given great and inestimable things to the world can understand, humbly I hope, the passionate veneration which certain of our admirers all over the world give to us, but the nature of this passion becomes obscure when we see it directed to unfamiliar idols. The cult of England can only give way to one which is stronger: the cult of Russia. Why this should be so must seem very perplexing to one who does not feel this attraction. . . .

Embedded, in fact, in *Answer to Question 33* is the theme which linked together the portraits in Mr. Sykes's foregoing book, the memorable *Four Studies in Loyalty*.

* * * * *

THE HARP IN THE SOUTH, by Ruth Park (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), is an Australian novel, which won the prize of £2000 offered by the *Sydney Morning Herald*. It has, however, none of the more strident qualities one associates (rightly or wrongly) with prize-winning novels. The scene is grim enough—the mainly-Irish slum quarter of Sydney's "depressed" area, Surry Hills. But among the dwellers in foetid, ramshackle Plymouth Street, and particularly in the Darcy family, are to be found tenderness, vigour, an irrational gift for merriment, and a real love for life—as manifest in each other, their friends and neighbours, each passing day.

Some of the incidents in the story, it must be admitted, are grim enough—Miss Park (for all she looks like a nymph in porcelain in her photograph on the back of the wrapper) decidedly does not spare us. But let us praise her, also, for rendering happiness at its true worth, a happiness upon which adversity acts like a forced draught, glowing brighter the drearier the environment and the keener the handicaps. . . . I confess to fearing, for the first chapter or two, that *The Harp in the South* was about to be an Australian version of Erskine Caldwell's shattering American poor-white tales, of which *Tobacco Road* is the outstanding example. I am glad to say that I could not have been more wrong.



Herdman-Newton—Falconer

Mr. Robert S. Herdman-Newton, son of Mrs. Herdman-Newton, of Murrayfield Avenue, Edinburgh, married Miss Diana Falconer, O.B.E., former Lady Provost of Edinburgh. In the bridal group are Mr. C. M. G. Heriot, M.C., best man, Miss Mary G. Wilson, bridesmaid, and child attendants Jane Harvey, Robin Harvey, and Michael Cormack



Hughes—Smart

F/Lt. E. S. Hughes, D.F.C., R.A.F., married Miss Naida Smart, the only daughter of Air Vice-Marshal H. G. Smart, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., of Timau, near Nanyuki, Kenya, in Nairobi Cathedral

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's"

Review

Hay—Seymour

Mr. Alan Philip Hay, youngest son of the late Mr. Alan Hay, and of Mrs. Hay, of Chestcombe House, Mere, Wiltshire, married Lady Margaret Katherine Seymour, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Lord Henry Seymour, and of Lady Helen Seymour, of Ragley Hall, Alcester, Warwickshire, at Holy Trinity, Arrow, Warwickshire



Romer—Gard'ner

Lt. (L) R. M. Romer, Royal Navy, son of the late Mr. Robert Romer and Mrs. Romer, of King's Langley, Hertfordshire, married Miss Fay Wade Gard'ner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Wade Gard'ner, of Corry Hill, Frimley Green, Surrey



Norman-Walker—Baldock

Mr. Hugh Selby Norman-Walker (I.C.S.), son of Col. J. N. Norman-Walker, C.I.E., and of Mrs. Norman-Walker, of The Coombe, Streatley, Berkshire, married Miss Janet Baldock, daughter of Mr. H. W. Baldock (Indian Police) and Mrs. Baldock, at Cawnpore, U.P., India



Radclyffe—Pigott-Brown

Capt. Charles Raymond Radclyffe, only son of the late Mr. Raymond A. E. Radclyffe, and of Mrs. Radclyffe, of Lew, Oxfordshire, married Lady Pigott-Brown, widow of Capt. Sir John Pigott-Brown, Bt., Coldstream Guards, of Lowndes Court, Lowndes Square, London, S.W., at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



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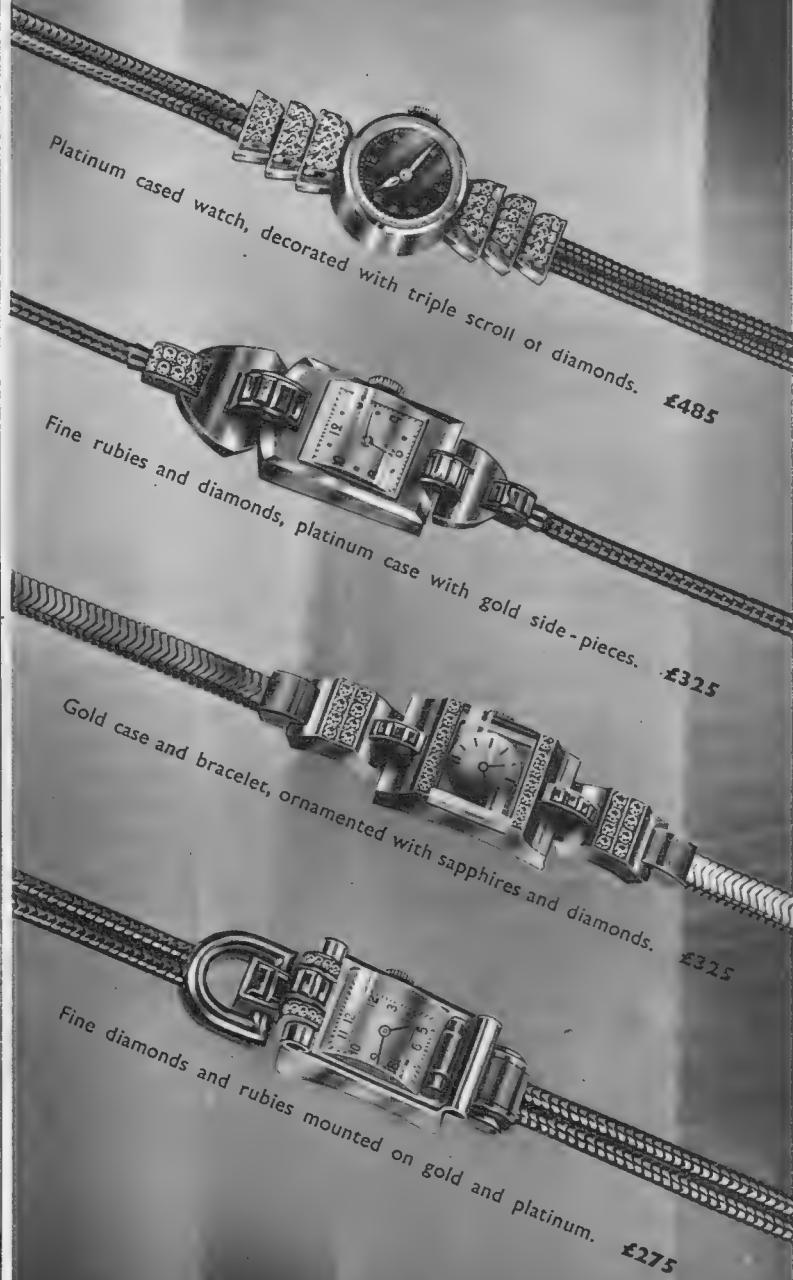
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Eric Joysmith

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BY WINIFRED LEWIS



John Cole

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Navana Vandyk



Miss Anne Helen Rodd, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Rodd, of Willowby House, Yelverton, South Devon, who is to marry Mr. Ian Robert Colville Greenlees, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, only son of the late Lieutenant E. C. C. Greenlees, R.N., and of Mrs. J. H. Leues, of White Willows, Yelverton



Miss Betsy Bannerman, elder twin daughter of Dr. David A. Bannerman, M.B.E., Sc.D., of Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, S.W.6, and of the late Mrs. Bannerman, who is to marry in July Mr. David Lewis Neve, only son of Mr. Eric Neve, K.C., of Rowans, Ditchling, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Neve



Miss Susan Mary Palmer, only daughter of Maj.-Gen. G. W. Palmer, C.B., C.B.E., of Chilwell, Nottinghamshire, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Palmer, of The Shelleys Hotel, Lewes, Sussex, who is to marry in June the Hon. Anthony Heneage Finch-Knightley, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Aylesford



Mr. Ian Bryce Wallace and Miss Patricia Gordon Black, who are to be married in the summer. Mr. Wallace is the only son of Sir John and Lady Wallace, of Stormont Road, Highgate, London, and Miss Black is the daughter of the late Mr. Michael G. Black, and of Mrs. Black, of Edenwood, Cupar, Fife

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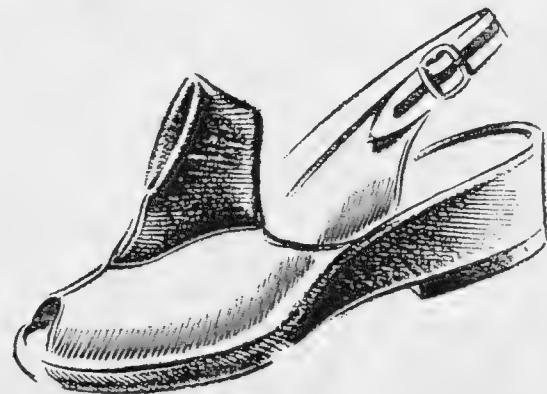
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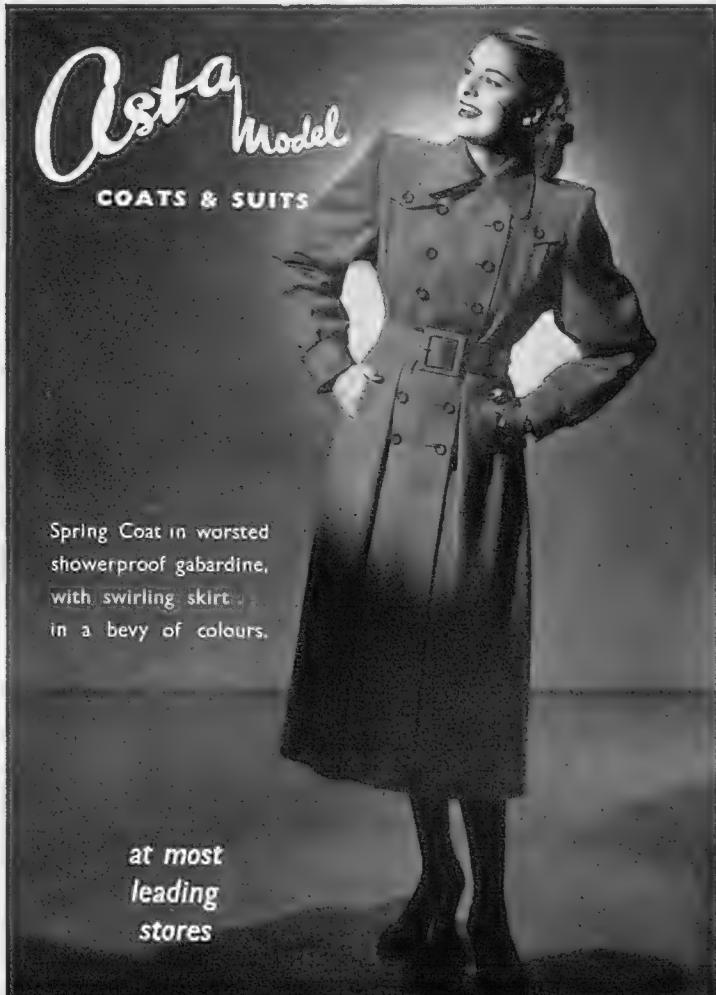
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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A PARTY of British journalists was on a visit to Canada, where they were taken on a tour of some of the biggest farms. At one farm, two of the contingent from Scottish papers drove up to the gate and were at once recognized by the farmer, who had worked with them many years before on the same newspaper before he had emigrated to Canada.

The visitors looked round, then remarked :

"You've got a fine show of cattle."

"Thousands," replied the farmer.

"I suppose you require a terrific extent of ground to graze them on?"

The farmer grinned.

"Oh, no!" he explained. "You see, I've trained them well. They simply walk up to neighbouring farms, say : 'Press,' and go right in!"

* * *

"DARLING," gushed one lady to another. "What a lovely coat! Did your husband give it to you to keep you warm or quiet?"

* * *

A SMALL boy asked where baby brothers came from, and he was told that you planted a seed, and after a time it grew into a baby.

Soon afterwards he was seen burying an orange pip in the garden, and putting a flower-pot over the place. A week later he lifted up the flower-pot and found a frog underneath it. He looked at it for a moment, then said : "I'd kill you—if I wasn't your father."

* * *

HE was a pork butcher in the good old days before rationing, and he and his sausages had done very well indeed in the town until a rival came along and, by undercutting and push-

ful publicity, started to take all the trade in the place.

Butcher Number One was sitting in his shop musing on what the inside of a workhouse would look like, when a bright idea suddenly struck him.

He hurried to his competitor's shop, and elbowing his way through the crowd of customers, planted a dead dog on the counter.

"Here you are, Jack," he exclaimed in a loud voice. "That makes the dozen."

* * *

ROBINSON had invited a friend to have a look at his garden, and in one corner the visitor noticed an enormous dog kennel with a very small dog curled up inside it.

"Why on earth have you got a kennel that size for a little dog like that?" asked the visitor.

Robinson looked round cautiously and then, lowering his voice, replied : "It's like this. I got a really big one because sometimes when I get home late I find that my wife has locked me out."

* * *

"MUMMY," said Mary as she came home from school. "Joan got into dreadful trouble at school today. She only got one mark for arithmetic, so she altered the one into a five and was found out."

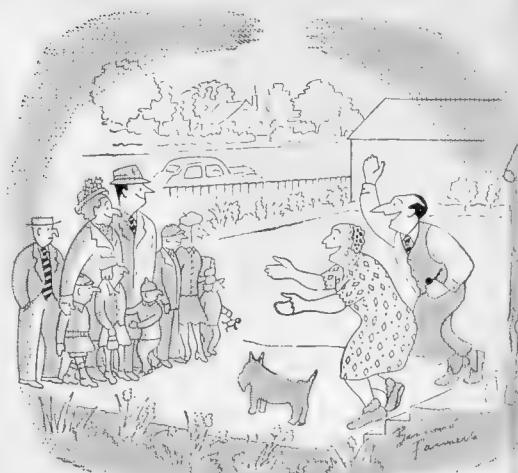
"I hope you would never do a thing like that, dear," replied her mother.

"Course not; I'd have made it into a four."

* * *

A RACING trainer had caught one of his stable boys stealing oats, and while he was deliberating what to do about it, the boy asked the mistress of the house to intercede for him.

The trainer's wife accordingly pleaded with her husband to overlook the offence.



"Why, Ned and Nora! What have you been doing all these years? . . ."

"Remember, dear," she said, "we were taught that when a man took our coat to give him the cloak as well."

"That's all right," replied the trainer. "The lad's taken my oats, and I'm going to give him the sack."

* * *

TWO STORIES ABOUT THE MARX BROTHERS: AS CHICO Marx tackled a French menu, the head-waiter bowed and asked politely:

"What is your pleasure?"

"Girls," said Chico. "What's yours?"

* * *

CHICO Marx saw a friend standing in the rain in front of a select Hollywood night club.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Stay outside and get wet, or go in and get soaked?"

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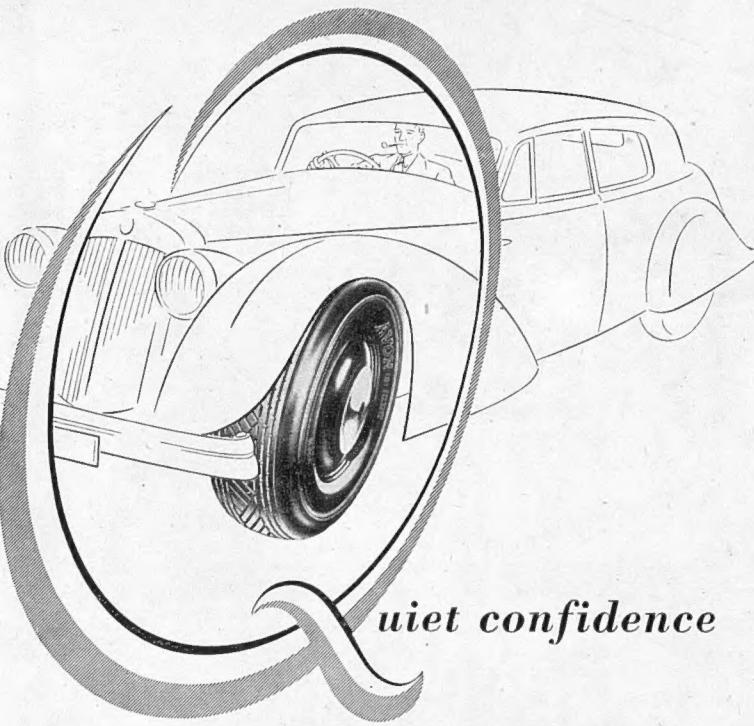
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